Fanny Snow Knowiton. Wilson G. Smith,

cycle, when it was presented recently by

entire work is scholarly and distinctly

effective in its thematic content. The va-

Allegro, Andante, Scherzo, Rondo,

Orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Mrs. Jean Dunlap Clem.

"In the Red April Dawn."

The "Stabat Mater" Concert.

The Metropolitan School of Music will

give its "Stabat Mater" concert Tuesday

evening at Roberts Park Church, and the

event will be one of the important enter-

Edward Nell, will be made up of the fol-

Jacobs, Charles C. Ebert, H. W. Laut, W.

L. Evans, R. B. S. Lewis, I. S. Lindley, J.

bot, W. A. Meeker, Frank N. Taylor, E. L.

McGibeny, Director.

Chorus and Organ.

Hugh McGibeny and Oliver Willard

With solos, chorus, orchestra and organ.

Quintet-Josephine Edmunds, Rhea Hall

Behymer, Messrs. Harold Conduitt,

Talbot, Taylor.

Byron Hughes and Mr. Pierce.

Solos, Chorus, Orchestra and Organ.

"Stabat Mater Dolorosa," chorus

Hall Behymer, Messrs, Paul Jeffries and H. W. Laut.

Paul Jeffries.

Mrs. Howard, Miss Shoaf.

J. H. Roberts.

Bass solo, Mr. Laut.

Van Wie, H. W. Laut.

Miss Elizabeth Shoaf.

Messrs. Jeffries and Laut.

et Accensus"...... Mrs. Edmunds and Chorus.

Sardou on "Parsifat."

"For us Frenchmen the question of an

author's ownership of his own production

is no longer debatable; it was long ago set-

famous dictum: Literary Property is

Property. To my way of thinking, literary

productions are more in the nature of prop-

erty than any other kind of property; more

so than a garden or a house, for instance,

out of materials that also already exist.

Anybody can build a house. It is simply

his own work, possesses all the rights per-

Mrs. Ditmarsh to Sing To-Day.

apolis a few weeks ago from New York,

where she is well known in musical circles

Mrs. Plummer's Recital.

The next concert under the auspices of

the Central Concert of Music will be given

a concert singer. Her voice is said to be

preside at the piano. The programme will

of wonderful purity and sweetness, smooth

a week from next Wednesday night at the

as a contralto of exceptional talent. Sh

"VICTORIEN SARDOU."

taining to property, and, in the case of

author whom they have misused.

tled in accordance with Alphonse Karr's

Two pianos, "Variations on a Theme

Introduction, orchestra and organ,

Tenor solo, "Cujus Animan".....

Duet, "Quis est Homo".....

Bass solo, "Pro Peccatis".....

Chorus and recitative, "Eia Materle" ...

Cavitina, "Fac ut Portem".....

"Sancta Mater".

French dramatist writes:

f Beethoven" .....

Stabat Mater"

Soloists-H. M. Talbot, F. N. Taylor.

"Joyful We Greet," from "Tannhau-

Violin and piano sonata, Op. 45, alle-gretto expressive alla Romanza,

D. S. Ritter.

lowing instrumentalists:

The programme in full:

ainments of the musical season. The big,

Finale from Concerto in A minor ..

Tutewiler and chorus.

Mrs. Howland.

Mrs. Riggs.

Hyde and chorus.

lowing Indianapolis singers:

noon will be as follows:

Sonata, Opus 28...

the Cleveland Rubenstein Club, said: "The

tomed, as you have, to pretty, plaintive, appealing Ophelias and so an achievement of genius in the character was a revelation. Here was a woman who, though two or three times too old and with a speech marred by a Polish accent, applied great gifts and accomplishments to a portrayal of the pitifully loving and dying maid of

But there was a disappointment quite as positive in John Gilbert's Polonius. This mainstay of the Wallack company, with his Sir Peter Teazle and his Sir Anthony Absolute, had long been the standard of best quality in stage old men, and by that we gauged our expectation of what his Polonius would be. It was an amazing display of bad elecution, of lacking humor, and even of intelligence. There were such full compensations as the grave diggers by Joseph Jefferson and William J. Florence, a King and Queen by Frank Mayo and Madame Ponisi, a ghost by Lawrence Bar-rett, and a cast which did not contain a name not well known. Ah, but Shakspeare would have liked to be in the Metropolitan Opera House that night. I wonder if he

The sum of money obtained by Wallack might have been multiplied, no doubt, by selling admissions to the rehearsals. Outsiders were excluded very carefully from these preparatory gatherings of famous artists. Ben Teal was the stage manager. He customarily uses strong language in the course of his duties, and sometimes it is profane. His instructions to minor performers are tersely explicit. But I have been told that, while, of course, he didn't give, in even a mild whisper, any suggestions to the more eminent members of this volunteer company, he was most polite in saying as much as boo to Rosencranz and Guilderstern, of the player king and queen, as they were acted by favorite leaders of stock organizations.

The arrangement of the tragedy which had been made for Edwin Booth by Willlam Winter was used, and Booth was asked by Modjeska to control the scenes in which they were together. He did it with so much deference that she begged him to assert himself. But in the passages of Ophella's madness she carried out her own ideas like a boss of the situation. Jefferson and Florence laughed and joked in the little rehearsing that they were seen to do as the grave diggers, but they were thought to have settled all the points elsewhere socially by themselves. Barrett's was the deciding voice in most of the questions that had to be settled by some one He was a great director, as Booth was not, and it was through their incidental asso-ciation in this "Hamlet" to raise money for Wallack that they went together into a business and professional partnership which enriched them with big fortunes.

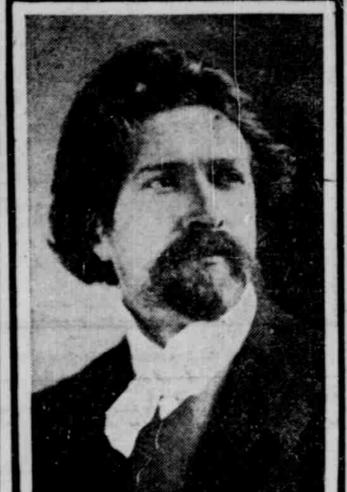
New material was interspersed with selections from current shows in the matinee entertainment for the Actors' Home. Clay M. Greene contributed "For Sweet Love's Sake," the singularity of which lay in the fact that the inter-sex emotion indicated by the title didn't introduce the girl in the case, while the affection shown in the action was between a companionable father and son. Grace Livingston Furness's "A Dakota Widow" had for visible characters a divorced couple and their housemaid, and the oddity was the use of a telephone to communicate with several other persons invisible yet intimately connected with the separation and reunion of the husband and wife. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, husband of Marie Tempest, provided "The March of from a French comedy located newly in England. Its characters were a gay actress who had many admirers to make rich gifts, a poor feilow who could offer nothing but honest love and a player of the time and type of Cleopatra, who, being reincarnated by an experiment in spiritualism, told about her experience with a lot of affluent Egyptian sensualists and the tragic fate of the chap who wooed with a full heart and an empty purse. This was a deft though fanciful composition, with a jolly ballad for the English actress, a dramatic recitation for the Egyptian and a good lesson, which was to keep away from the sirens of the stage.

You will believe that such entertainments as are given annually for the Actors' Home by volunteers couldn't be made by any expenditure of money when I tell you that in the short casts of those three brief plays were William H. Thompson, Hattle Williams, Dorothy Dorr, Elsie de Wolf and Robert Edeson, who are or have been "stars," besides Joseph Wheelock, Marie Doro, Richard Bennett and May Robson, all of whom had studied and rehearsed laboriously for the single occasion. There was also a burlesque called "Shylock Before the Court of Appeals," which was flatly stupid, though another set of "stars" in it were Lawrence D'Orsay, Alice Fischer, Eugene O'Rourke and Edwin Arden. and "The Holidays," a hardly more amusing sketch by seven members of the Twelfth Night Club. But the bill included also monologues by five heads of com-panies now in town-Kyrle Bellew, Richard Carle, Sam Betnard, Raymond Hitchcock and William Nortis-and show-girl scenes of song and movement from five extravaganzas. How is that for an occasional afternoon? And is it any wonder that a big theater was crowded at prices which yield-

Beatrice Harriden wrote, as you know, a novel entitled "Ships that Pass in the Night." It was all tears and no smiles. Therefore I was surprised when I went to see Justin Huntley McCarthy's play bearing the same name and found that it was not a dramatization of the book but a London version of a Paris farce. Its theme is the everlasting French one of a faithless husband fooling a fondly jealous wife. But it is a hypnotic variant. Whenever Mr. Little wickedly wishes to get away from his own wife and visit Mr. Potloi's he holds her hands, looks straight into her eyes, turns on his mesmeric power and she goes to sleep, to stay so until he comes back and awakens her. While she is thus slumbering, however, the kisses of a former suitor arouse her and she is kept wide awake by the arrival of Mr. Yolstoi, who is maddened by the infidelity of his wife. There you have the situation and it isn't worth while to describe the confusion of difficulties that beset the hypnotist ere he is cured of his scientific fad and his marital folly by his wife's false pretense that, while she has been asleep, another man has made her believe he was her husband. She casually mentions her supposed visitor as a "ship that has passed in the night." That is the excuse for changing the title from the original French of "His Little Dodge."

That farce is performed by one of our seven resident dramatic companies. As there are only a half-dozen characters the acting is much better than usual with these hurried and skurried stock organizations. They are commonly composed, here as elsewhere, of two distinct kinds of membersveterans who have got along as far in their profession as they expect to and aspirants who still hope for fame. The veterans do their work solely for the wages and can be depended on for a fixed and unfailing degree of ability. The director doesn't worry about them. The aspirants are impelled by their ambition to make earnest efforts, which are uncertain in results according as they are wise or foolish. Let me illustrate. In one week I went to see a familiar drama at two of these cutrate houses in further ends of the town. In one case the heroine was played with perfunctory stress, but without subtlety or feeling, by an actress whose name is known throughout the country. She had no other incentive than her salary. In the other case the actress was a girl lately graduated from a dramatic school. She had more than memorized the words. She had studied them intelligently and she expressed their utmost meanings with all the facility at her command. The outcome was a better rendering of the part than had been given in the original Broadway production of the play.

These stock companies in New York contain many members who have joined as a means of later placing themselves in easier | For me, the buried past may ever lie and more outlooking places. Eight leading Still buried deeper as the new years die, actors and six low comedians have gone from them within four years to be "starred" or "featured" in new plays, and maybe as many actresses have progressed similarly over the hard, rough stepping stones. By chance I learned of a doorkeeper sending word to a young woman on the stage that the secretary of an important producing manager had just entered the theater. She had written to ask for a consideration of what she was doing that week and how.



FERRUCIO BUSONI Who Will Be Heard in Plano Recital at the Propylacum Wednesday Night.

## THE JOURNAL'S POETS

The Muse of Riley. [Suggested by the late action of the University of Pennsylvania in conferring upon the poet the degree of doctor of literature.]

Invisible to all She stood in that vast hall, Timid and fair. Her eyes dilating, · Eagerly waiting, Amid the concourse there, The coming of one To be honored, withal-The favorite singer and son Of lands anear and remote-Her comrade of all the days! With whom she had trailed The wild and wandering ways,

Afoot and afloat-With whom she had scaled The wind-blown hills of the West Heart to heart, And never apart Had they been brought till now-

Till now-When the scholars-the dignified few-Erudite men and true-Had gathered to place on his brow, Nor laurels nor bays, But the symbol that Wisdom lays

Upon those who refuse not The Truth and the Light-Upon those who abuse not The spirit's clear sight-And thus, as she waited, Unseen of the throng, (Sweet nymph and sweet comrade, And lover so long, His soul's inspiration. The Muse of his song!) Her heart palpitated With pride, as she thought Of the long nights and lone, With discouragement fraught,

When her whisperings told him How Fame would infold him, And Love would uphold him, If but he held fast To the visions of Youth, To the voicings of Truth, Till his genius should make them

When she guarded her own-

Immortal, at last. Impatiently now she waits Inside the Academy's gates, Prouder than ever of him, Prouder of the Gods and Fates And the tears that lay dim In her own fond eyes-

But hark! The rising music breaks, Overhead-Now the vaulted ceiling shakes, And the mighty concourse wakes To the stately and solemn tread Of men high-browed and renowned,

Austere and wise, Great scholars, capped and gowned, Prayerful and pure, All ready and glad to confer Their high investiture On the truest interpreter

Of Nature under the skies. The stately function is done, And she, whose gifted son Himself had honor lent To the glatt and great event, With invisible caresses Bends her head to him and blesses The beauty of the nature

That can rise to such a stature, Unbewildered, unaffrighted-Now like lovers newly plighted, Rent apart and reunited, They go, hand in hand together, Thither to the golden weather Of the old, alluring West-To the haunts and breezy places, And the dear familiar faces They love best;

Where Nature hath unlocked her Store of ancient treasure In the very fullest measure, And sits waiting to bestow it None the less upon the Poet Than the Doctor.

Mason, Ill. -James Newton Matthews.

The Bye and Bye. A wee bird singeth to the soul A sad, yet hopeful lay, To sweeten sorrow's bitter dole And drive despair away; Or when the faint heart fainter grows And clouds obscure the sky, Repeats the gladest note he knows Of sunshine bye and bye. His blithest call by hut or hall,

His tenderest, twittered cry,

Hath this refrain for mortals all: "The better, bye and bye!" O gentlest bird! your note I've heard . Through many stormy years; It oft to hope my pulse has stirred And stilled my coward fears. Though farther far than sun or star The goal you sing may seem. No sense of distance comes to mar The magic of the dream It weaves for me, till worry free, I trust your Orphic cry. And dimly see the joy to be

My kingdom bye and bye. "But wherefore ply the bye and bye For aye? Or, tell me this: Why for the future sing or sigh And count no present bliss?" When thus I'd queried, softly came The answer, warbled low, "Hope is a present joy, a flame That blesses with its glow;

And so I sing, head under wing,

The dawn that draweth nigh.

The radiant bye and bye." -Ben S. Parker.

The fadeless dawn that love shall bring,

The Better Way. some, the joy-gifts of the past are gain; And when the living present offers pain They turn away to rouse that past again, And seek again to live The life far, far behind

Where all the thread that Clotho ever gave Was of the golden kind. While time unborn I look ahead and see,

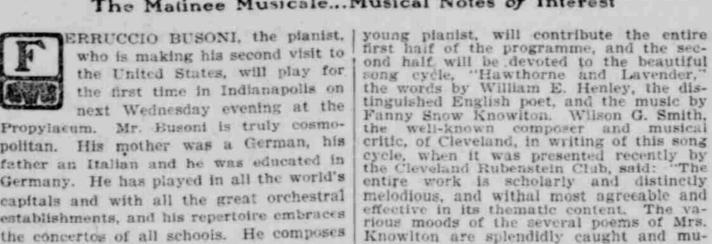
Unto the future far. Inspired by Hope, who brings The joys that may be, to the griefs that are, My heart leaps out and clings. -Elmer Adams.

Telephone for Help.

If you are in need of a position or desire to employ male or female help advertise in So she was warned to do her very best that the Journal. If you are a subscriber to the members of the organization to the regular in quality and showing great development. afternoon. Since then I have ascertained Journal and do not find it convenient to concerts of the Matinee Musicale, but on She will render an interesting programme, that all the men who bring out new pieces call at the office you may telephone your this occasion it has been decided to admit assisted by Miss Carrie Hyatt, who will are in daily receipt of such requests, and advertisement and it will be charged to that it is not unusual to comply with them. | your account, 5 cents for each seven words FRANKLIN FYLES. | or any part thereof.

## Busoni's Recital This Week

Great Pianist at the Propylacum... The "Stabat Mater" Concert.. The Matinee Musicale... Musical Notes of Interest



Propylacum. Mr. Busoni is truly cosmo- the well-known composer and musical father an Italian and he was educated in Germany. He has played in all the world's capitals and with all the great orchestral | melodious, and withal most agreeable and establishments, and his repertoire embraces the concertos of all schools. He composes | Knowlton are splendidly caught and muin many forms and his Bach transcriptions | sically expressed. are standard. He is a virtueso and his style of playing is distinctive, his interpretations peculiarly sympathetic, various, earnest and dignified. In Europe he has been eminent for years. The programme in which he is to be heard here follows: Two Chorales, "Awake!" "Rejoice!" ...

paratoria Bach-Busoni Sonata Appassionata.....Beethoven Ballade, Nocturne, Polonaise, A Flat Chopin

The "Appassionata" is the sonata in F

minor, Op. 57. Adolf Marx, in his "Introduction to the Interpretation of Beethoven's Piano Works," comments sarcastically that 'some piano hero or attentively listening music dealer attached the appellation," and adds: "Beethoven wrote many impassioned sonatas and of varied content, but he never named one according to so indeterminate a quality." But the impulse to compare, define and relate is generally operative, bccause natural; it reaches its highest power in the "programme music" of this day. In regard to this sonata Marx continues: "The tone picture is wrapped as it were in darkness. The figures are not manifest in definite outline-all have rather the nature of phantoms which darkly hover past, intangible as the air into which they evaporate when we approach and attempt to hold them. Can the whole be a picture of an anxious night? For that it manifests too great a conclusiveness. Is it a vision escaped from the lower world?" fear before the "confident song emerges, | Mazie Branham, Maybelle Edwards, Florrises and sinks again into the depths." He concludes, "Wrath and complaint, fetter ence Charles, Buelah Evans, Mathilda and flight, interchange." The second move- | Clements, Grace M. Feasey, Lura B. Harment, andante con moto, is a series of old, Nellie Strain Heywood, Helen Parmevariations leading into the finale, allegro | lee, Lenah Lovejov Howard, Augusta Raima non troppe-presto; a finale which, again | ble, Louise N. Huff, Rose M. Scott, Grace to quote Marx, "rushes along like a night | Storey Larkin, Elizabeth Shoaf, Mary K. storm, and which, according to tradition, Lawson, Pearl Stalcup, Hazel Mount, Jeswas composed on a stormy night. It is possible that the outward storm gave to Woodruff, Maude Parkhurst, Retta Wilthe tone poet the last revelation or deci-

'Gainst snow, 'gainst rain, the storm to breast On, on, still on, nor pause to rest."

he will sing courageously and loudly,

sion, but the storm had been in his breast

before. He who has known the storm first

revealed in the first movement, who has

sought refuge in the uprising and expiring

De Profundis, his life indeed is a storm;

and if he be a man like Beethoven, mild

and good at heart, undaunted and defiant

in the bluster of threatening misfortune,

+ + + \* Chopin dedicated the twelve studies of Opus 25 to the Countess d'Agoult. Of the set Robert Schumann wrote, after comparing Chopin to a strange star seen at midnight: "Whither his path lies and leads, ridge, Yuba Estelle Wilhite, Abe Hammer- all, if it has to be red." or how long, how brilliant its course is yet | schlag, Henry Marshall, A. F. Moore, to be, who can say? As often, however, as it shows itself there is ever seen the same deep, dark glow, the same starry light and the same austerity, so that even a child Piano rhapsodie ..........Liszt could not fail to recognize it. But, besides Clarence Veeder Nixon. could not fail to recognize it. But, besides' this, I have had the advantage of hearing most of these etudes played by Chopin himself, and quite a la Chopin did he play One of the six of these studies that Mr Busoni will play is the familiar "Butterfly. It is No. 9, and its key is G flat. Of it James Huneker, in his "Chopin," says: "Von Buelow transposes it enharmonically to F sharp, avoiding numerous double flats. The change is not laudable. He holds anything but an elevated opinion of the piece classing it with a composition of the Charles Mayer order. This is unjust; the study, if not deep, is graceful and certainly very ef-

fective. It has lately become the stamping

ground for the display of plano athletics.

Nearly all modern virtuosi pull to pieces the

wings of this gay little butterfly. They smash it, they bang it, and, adding insult to cruelty, they finish it with three chords, mounting an octave each time, thus giving a conventional character to the close-the very thing the composer avoids." "How is one to reconcile 'the want of manliness, moral and intellectual,' which Hadow asserts is the 'one great limitation of Chopin's province,' with the power, splendor and courage of the Polenaises?" asks Mr. Huneker, and he thus treats the A flat Polonaise, Op. 53, "the type of war song:" "There is imaginative splendor in this thrilling work, with its thunder of horses' hoofs and fierce challengings. What fire, what sword thrust and smoke and clash of mortal conflict. Here is no psychical presentation, but an objective picture of | Soprano air and chorus, "Inflammatus battle, of concrete contours, and with a cleaving brilliancy that excites the blood to the boiling pitch. That Chopin ever played it as intended is incredible; none but the force because of the vanity of virtuosi. The

heroes of the keyboard may grasp its dene dense chordal masses, its flery projectiles ing, even ghostly, in the intermezzo that dou on the subject of the New York per- on the carriage and among the flying maseparates the trio from the polonaize. Both mist and starlight are in it. Yet the work is played too fast and has been nick-named the 'Drum' Polonaise, losing in majesty and octaves in E major are spun out as if speed were the sole idea of this episode." The compiler of these notes heard Mr. Busoni play this Polonaise lately. In the long rolling passage he produced the suggestion of an advance of Slavic horse-men; he so skillfully contrived and executed the regular increase of dynamic gradation that the climax was astounding, thrilling, exhilarating. Of Chopin's playing it is recorded that his pianissimo was so soft it was possible for him to get the forte he desired. The great planist is equiped with an ingenuity that permits him to compete with the orchestra, and in the A flat Polonaise, Mr. Busoni exhibits the possession of this quality of musical genius. Seats for the recital by Mr. Busoni may be reserved at the Starr piano store, beginning Monday morning.

The Thomas Orchestra Coming.

The concert by the Thomas Orchestra at the German House is now assured. The ancouragement afforded through the sale of tickets assures a patronage which is encouraging to the management. This concert any way on the literary ownership of the will be given on the evening of Thursday, March 24. The full Theodore Thomas Or- of a play. In a word, in answer to the chestra of sixty performers will be under the direction of Mr. Stock, who always directs solo performances for this orchesica. Mr. Thomas, who is now in his seventieth | the property of the first named. year, has his contract so made that he does not leave Chicago excepting for the May festival performances in Cincinnati. About two years ago Oliver Willard Pierce, the soloist on this programme, appeared with the Thomas Orchestra, giving a Moszkowsky concerto, with Mr. Stock as leader, and the impression made on Mr. Thomas. who was present, was such as to assure Mr. Pierce a prominence in the leading number in this, the first performance given by this orchestra since that time in Indianapolis.

The entire programme will be an exceedingly brilliant one, embracing, as it does, two Wagner numbers, a Grieg suite, the "Military March," by Elgar, "Danse Macabre," by Saint-Saens, and a Weber-Berlioz number. At the last two performances of the "Military March," by Elgar, in Chicago, it was vigorously encored. The Tschalkowsky concerto, recently rendered by Mr. Pierce at the German House, and | the first rank. which he will repeat on this occasion, is decidedly Slavic in tone and is considered one of the most difficult numbers in piano-

forte literature.

The Matinee Musicale. The concert to be given by the Matinee | Propylaeum. The visiting artist will be Musicale next Wednesday afternoon at the Beatrice Hubbell Plummer, a soprano who Propylacum will be of much interest. It has been winning an enviable reputation as has heretofore been the rule to admit only outsiders for a small admission fee. Mrs. be announced in these columns next Sun-Winifred Hunter Mooney, the accomplished | Jay.

Queer and Comical Sayings of Children

BBIE, aged six, would rather play on a drum than eat, and he spends most of his time beating it, exthe United States, will play for the first time in Indianapolis on the words by William E. Henley, the disdisconsolate. It happened that on the same day while playing with his little sister, politan. His mother was a German, his critic, of Cleveland, in writing of this song aged four, he threw her down and hurt her. She was on the verge of tears, but her anger conquered and she said, with great "I just hope you will get a nice new drum, and then I hope we'll have company rious moods of the several poems of Mrs. all the time.'

> Frank and Charlie's Uncle John is very The complete programme for the aftermuch interested in hygienic foods, and lives almost entirely on breakfast foods. One morning at breakfast Frank spelled out the Arabeske Traumaswirren ......Schumann uneral March from "Bergliot" ..... Grieg words on a box containing a new breakfast dish, "Tell me what you eat and I will tell ..... Paderewski you what you are!" Then little Charlie spoke up, "Well, Uncle John is a cow or a horse, men."

> "Won't you have another piece of pie, Grace?" asked Mrs. Smith of little Grace, II. "The April Sky Sags Low," Miss

who had been invited for supper. "Mamma told me not to take pie more IV. "Deep in My Gathering Garden," than once," said Grace, hesitatingly. Miss Sweenie and chorus. "All in a Garden Green," Mrs. How-"Oh, you let me decide about that," said ard, Miss Palmer, Miss Lewis and Mrs. Smith, putting another piece on her "After the Grim Daylight," Miss

Five minutes later. "Won't you have another piece of pie, VII. "This Is the Moon of Roses," Grace hesitated a moment and then said: VIII. "The Time of Silence," chorus. IX. "The Downs," Miss Helen Swain. "Well, Mrs. Smith, I guess I'll leave you to decide about that.' X. "This World of Gladness," Chorus.

Tommy was in the street crying bitterly and a sympathetic lady stopped and asked him the cause of his grief. "I want my cake!" sobbed Tommy.

"Where is your cake? Has some bad boy stolen it?" asked the lady. "No'm, I ate it!" And he broke out afresh well-trained chorus under the direction of

"No," said little Blanche, "I'm-not afraid to open an umbrella in the house, or carry Madge Allen, Bessie Clemmons, Alma C. The critic and biographer of Beethoven is Axtell, Anna C. Cochrane, Rhea Hall Behy- a hoe through the house, and I am not plu allegro. He hears in it mysterious mer, Josephine Bremmerman Edmunds, scared when I break a looking-glass, but voices and the shrieks and hurrying of voices and the shrieks and hurrying of before the "confident song emerges," Nellie M. Van Bergen, Jennie Edwards, all the same, I wouldn't show my teeth to a caterpillar."

> Sunday-school Teacher-Who was the first Eddie-Adam.

Teacher-That's right. Now, who was the first woman? Long silence. «

Finally little Grace received an inspira-tion and held up her hand. "I know," she sie Tansey, Mrs. Edward Nell, L. Alice said. "It was Mrs. Adam." liams, William S. Alexander, R. E. McHattan, Harry Bryan, Volney Huff, C. O. Bryan, W. Huff, H. E. Delzell, Charles L.

Little May has a wealth of auburn hair and it is the bane of her life. She hates H. Roberts, Harry A. Mayer, H. M. Tal- red hair. The other day there was a new arrival at her house in the shape of a Oldridge, Scott Walker, W. H. Parker, H. H. Van Wie, Hal Reed, H. B. Richardson, baby brother. The first thing she wanted to know about him was the color of his The orchestra under Hugh McGibney's hair. She didn't know what to think when conductorship, will be composed of the fol- she saw that he didn't have any hair at all worth mentioning, but her papa told her that his hair would grow in time. That Myrtle Anderson, Margaret Seegmiller, Katherine Bauer, Ruth Stacey, Jessie night as she was kneeling at her bedside, Breadheft. Fay Thompson, Elizabeth she was heard to say: Brewster, Percy Trees, Elizabeth Coull, Mr. "Oh, Lord, you know how ugly red hair Schaffer, Byron Canary, Vera Verbarg, is on a girl and its uglier on a boy, 'cause Marie Dawson, Clarence Warren, C. G. you know what a fright "Reddy" Smith is.

Andante, Op. 11......Tschaikowsky Stories About Jacky;
Metropolitan School Orchestra, Hugh A Dog of Intelligence

Drake, Arthur Wiedenhaupt, W. K. Eld- Please don't let brother have any hair at

.Saint-Saens

ACKY is a small black and tan ser" ..... Wagner rat-terrier so old his lips are getting gray. But in many ways he is still as frisky as a puppy. allegro animato ......Grieg He is a very confiding little fellow, apparently believing all people his Lohengrin," Act 1, Scene 3....... Wagner

It was a daily occupation for Jacky to trot "bias" ahead of John to his work at the railroad station, where, because of his friendliness, he got into a trouble that took

him a good while to get out of.

There was a lady at the station waiting for the train, and, it is supposed, she spoke to Jacky, for when the train came he was so favorably impressed with her that he also boarded the cars, no doubt without the knowledge of the woman. John looked around just in time to see the last of Jacky. The vestibule doors were slammed shut and the dog was gone. Although John did all he could to locate Jacky, by wire, he failed. Everyone reported "no dog." The trainmen were interviewed, but unavailingly. Jacky was gone. But where? It was ten miles to the first stop, but Mrs. Edmunds, Miss Shoaf, Messrs. H. H. whether he got off there or went on to the city no one knows. The whole family mourned Jacky's leaving. So the time went on for more than three weeks. Hope of ever seeing him again had been given up. But one morning early there was Jacky at the back door, as lively as ever, and jumping, twisting, capering all around he was so rejoiced to see his friends, and they all took turns in embracing him. He was as fat and slick as when he went away.

Since John has gone to the Philippines, The Theater Magazine for March contains Jacky escorts the head master to the sawn interesting letter from Victorien Sar- mill, where he trips lightly chinery, but he never gets hurt. When the formances of "Parsifal" in opposition to whistle blows, he goes running and friskthe wishes of Wagner's family. The great ing to the head master. He has learned that the whistle means "go to dinner." But one of the strangest things is that Jacky has actually taught Old Rube-a lazy old water-spaniel so fat he just waddles along-to hunt for rats! Jacky went at it with so much vim, scratching under the logs, that Old Rube was inspired to exert himself.

What a jealous dog Jacky is! If one gives Old Rube a pleasant word or a kindly pat Jacky flies at him and growls and fights which is built on land that already exists desperately. But it is a one-sided fight, for Old Rube doesn't care for him any more than if he were a flea, and looks question of money. But where are the as though he thought, "Oh, he's little." persons who can create a Hamlet or a "One evening," says a member of the Tartuffe? So much for the principle of the household, "I was reading a newspaperownership of literary property. Now, anthe left elbow on a stand-table near the other important consideration-the author's lamp-and holding the paper out wide in rights in his property. It goes without both hands, thus myself and the lamp were saying that the author, being the owner of both hidden behind the paper. At my right was a rockingchair, a freshly covered pillow in it. Jacky came trotting in, ran didramatic piece, has the right to decide how rectly to the chair and sprang up in it, and it shall be presented on the stage. It canturned round, his tail-giving little comnot be admitted for an instant that the fortable wriggles, and lay down. At that theater manager or the translator who have moment he saw me. I never saw a dog failed in the part-tradutore traditoreso surprised or more humiliated. I did not changing by suppressions the very character of the work, introducing modificaspeak or change a muscle, only glanced at tions and making additions, can infringe in him from the corner of my eye. He looked this way and that as though he thought: 'Oh if I could only sink somewhere out of sight.' He began to rise very slowly, his same holds good as regards the bad acting head hung low, his ears laid back, and rollquestion whether a literary or musical work ing his eyes up at me every few moments. I remained in the same position, only kept is the property of the author, the translator or the theatrical manager, I do not glancing at him. Our eyes would meet and then we would quickly look away. All this hesitate to declare that it is exclusively time he was slowly rising. It must have taken two minutes for him to get out of the chair. No thief, caught in the act, could have been more guilty. I had never seen him in the chair before, and he had A contralto new to Indianapolis, Magnot been reproved for it, but he knew he was trespassing. He slunk across the room dalen Bergen Ditmarsh, will be the soloist to the stove and lay down on a rug and at the Meridian-street M. E. Church this began patting the floor with his tail. I morning, singing as the offertory selection, knew he wanted to 'make up' so I went to S. Liddle's beautiful composition, "Abide him and patting him told him he was a good doggie. With Me." Mrs. Ditmarsh came to Indian-

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